

# Good Morning 218

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## CEREMONIUS? Here's Why

WHEN the King opened Parliament in November, the Yeomen of the Guard did not 36in.; your character must be make their traditional search unimpeachable. Each Yeoman of the vaults of the House; the receives £50 a year, and from ceremony was carried through by the Home Guard.

This was the first time since the Gunpowder Plot, 338 years ago, that the Yeomen did not appear. They always get a guinea and a mug of ale after the search; this time the Home Guard got it.



The Yeomen, since their foundation by Henry VII, have been responsible for the safety of their Sovereign. At one time they surrounded him in battle, slept outside his door, made his bed in the morning, and probed into corners for would-be assassins.

The Yeoman Bedhanger and the Yeoman Bedgoer are titles still held by members of the bodyguard, though their duties have lapsed. To reveal any sharp instruments that enemies might have hidden in the sheets, the Yeoman Bedgoer had to bounce himself on the bed before the King lay down.

Their scarlet coats, scarlet knee breeches, and purple velvet hats, express the glory and pageantry of Tudor England.

To enlist, you must be under 50 years of age; you must have served 21 years in the Army, and have at least one Service medal; you must not



## A.B. FROUDE HAMLETT—Here's

### Mother helping

#### Alix to pack

For all she did was to volunteer for the W.R.N.S.

Not that she realised she had scored a point. Not until they passed her fit in every detail to wear the Navy blue.

It wasn't long before the appointed day of enlistment that we called at your home, Dane House, Ways Green, Winsford, Cheshire, to interview your folk, and we found your mother helping your sister to pack her bag.

This is what Alix told us, with a smile, of course: "It struck me, quite humorously, that apparently you don't have to be tall to get into the same Service as my brother. Height, one might say, isn't the only thing that counts in the Navy."

Then your small but charming sister got down to things properly. She seemed to take on a new spirit of vengeance.

She said one thing she was determined to find out—when she gets there—was why the Navy had succeeded where she had failed.

She meant that you've learned to dance while you've been in the Service—a thing she could never persuade you to attempt before.

She says it certainly wasn't his own sister who taught him!

## DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

JUMP on the movie merry-go-round, boys, and we'll take a first look around London for pix just off the lines.

For no better reason than forty-eight stars and a cast of hundreds, we start with "Stage Door Canteen."

I've seldom seen so many stars under one roof, unless it was at Lady Desiree Rich's Hollywood receptions. Tallulah Bankhead grimaces briefly from the screen; Kitty Hepburn slides across the set like a favourite coming out of trap one; Ray Bolger contributes a routine; Kenny Baker obligingly warbles part of a number; Gipsy Rose Lee teases with a strip, but doesn't go through with it; Merle Oberon gives a propaganda pep talk; a Marx Brother scares off several women; Xavier Cugat, Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser and other bands bray out through brass in almost every foot of film, and there is a thin story interwoven.

UNIVERSAL Studios recently dispatched "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror." This is on a par with its forerunners, and if you like Basil Rathbone's leer you will like this. Evelyn Ankers moves around to break the monotony of crime-busting.



**GUESS WHOSE ?**  
**Yes, It's the Grable Again**

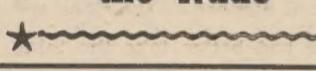


MAN-MADE violence is the big noise to-day, and Hollywood is not far behind in following the trend.

Several years ago one studio after another tried to outdo the other in getting noise and destruction on the screen.

San Francisco quaked and burned; Chicago burned, the South Seas were lashed by a hurricane, and the deserts of

★  
**What Again !**  
**Yes, It's La Grable Singing in the Nude**



★  
**And Here's Betty's Top Half**

Egypt were whipped by great sandstorms near Suez.

To-day there is enough man-made destruction to fill the screen, and now comes the crash of battle in Sahara as registered in Columbia's "Somewhere in Sahara."

Tanks and siege guns, howitzers and cannons roar against the howling wind of a Libyan desert storm, and the final result is one that will put a mere earthquake or forest fire to shame.

★  
**LEAVING the screen for a look around the factory, I see the Grable is resting-up for a baby, due in springtime. Betty's wed to Harry James now; former man was Jackie Coogan.**

Another band leader's wife, Alice Faye, who already has a bairn, is also anticipating a baby. Alice is marriage partner of Phil Harris.

Congratulations, ladies! Hope yours is a girl, Betty; twenty years from now I won't mind at all if I still have a Grable to pin up. No, ma'am, I won't mind at all!



★  
**ANOTHER newspiece centres round Bette Davis; it is fairly understandable that when the screen's greatest emotional actress emerges as a jitterbug, the multitudes she has mesmerised would be more than a trifling staggered. And this she has done. And there is a film to prove it!**

In "Thank Your Lucky Stars," being wrapped in the Warner dispatch-room, she is a disillusioned young lady in a cocktail bar, and she sings "They're Either Too Old Or Too Young." A rug-cutter sees promise and takes her for a session. Now Bette may join the jive-addict hive any day.

Postscripting that story, I ask a question: Did you see "Watch On The Rhine"?



never persuade you to attempt before.

Meantime all's well at home, A.B. Hamlett—and all send you their love and fond greetings.

Good Hunting!

**Send us your stories  
jokes, drawings  
and ideas—help  
produce your own  
newspaper.**

Continuing:  
The Lady  
in Number  
Four  
By RICHARD  
KEVERNE

# Mr. Leone spoke softly

## WANGLING WORDS—173

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after SCO, to make a word connected with the writing of music.

2. Rearrange the letters of HELLO, I TWIST, to make a Cornish town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change STOCK into TRADE, MARY into GOLD, SOLD into PUPS, OVEN into ICES.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from METEOROLOGY?

### Answers to Wangling Words No. 172

1. SERMONISE.  
2. HARROGATE.  
3. AIR, FIR, FAR, FAY, FLY, SLY, SKY.  
LOVE, COVE, CAVE, CARE, BARE, BARD, BIRD.  
DOGS, BOGS, BAGS, BARS, BARK.

FAIR, FAIL, FALL, BALL, BAILE, BARE, BARS, BAYS, DAYS.

4. Bear, Bare, Back, Beck, Beak, Rack, Reck, Lace, Race, Care, Lack, Bark, Bray, Bale, Bake, Clay, Baby, Real, Year, Lark, etc.

Clerk, Black, Berry, Blare, Clear, Bleak, Brake, Brace, Baker, Baler, Blear, Cable, Break, etc.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"This is going to be worth watchin', Bert—ere comes a Red-Cap!!"

### JANE



MERRROW cursed his luck. Just when he had begun to pick up the business of innkeeper; just when he was beginning to break down local prejudice against a newcomer, and when the "Black Boy" was getting ship-shape—Janet Warren had to turn up at his inn, book Number 4 room, get half-drunk, and then go out and get drowned.

Merrow turned back to the office, frowning. There was no doubt about it; it was the red-haired Darcy girl who had given evidence, and she was coming into the inn behind him.

He swore softly. This was going to mean more digging up of that infernal business of Janet Warren's death. The association of that damned tragedy was going to stick to the "Black Boy" Inn for ever.

Then he suddenly realised that Paternoster was nowhere about, and that the Darcy girl was standing at the office window, looking about for somebody to attend to her; and that he would have to be that somebody.

Merrow had taken for his own use No. 1, the biggest bedroom of the inn. It was a pleasant room at a corner of the house, with one window looking out to the front and the Black Boy sign, and the other giving on to the Priory Lane. Here, when he had finished his dinner, he brought Gwen Darcy, then went in search of Janet's bag.

He had explained to Gwen at the table the circumstances in which the bag had been found, and when he told her of Stephen's suggestion she agreed instantly.

"I don't care what you ought to do officially," she said, "but I do know that it would come to me in the end, and you know what the papers are. They'd only make a sensation of it, and I don't want poor Janet's memory connected with any more sensation. I'll send on anything of value to the lawyers and deal with the rest as I've dealt with all her papers."

That decided Merrow. He found Stephen in the office and told him, adding, "Perhaps Eve had better take the thing to Miss Darcy herself."

Old Paternoster was obviously pleased.

"It's the sensiblest thing to do, sir," he said. "I'll tell Eve."

Merrow deliberately delayed for some minutes chatting with Stephen before he returned to his room. He wanted to give Gwen Darcy her chance to talk to Eve. When at length he did go up, Eve was just leaving.

Gwen herself was staring from the window when he went in. The bag was lying unopened, on a chair. It was a large and gay thing, of bright colours in a formal design, which seemed none the worse for its immersion. Gwen turned.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I didn't want to open it—until you came. I suppose there ought to be some sort of a witness."

"I don't want to be a witness," Merrow responded. "It's

nothing to do with me. Eve found the bag and gave it to you, as the obvious person. Unless we're asked, we shall say nothing about it; and if we are, that's what we shall say."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"I see. Thank you very much, Hugh. You've been terribly understanding. I think I'll take it away now and, an—get it over—if you don't mind." She picked up the bag and went slowly to the door, and all he said was "Yes, do."

But as Gwen Darcy went out he was confirmed in his earlier belief. The girl was feeling the loss of her friend very deeply, despite her protestations of lack of sentiment.

When Merrow went to bed, just before midnight, he noticed that a light was still showing under the door of Gwen Darcy's room.

He did not see her in the morning, for he had to go over to Wilborough, but he passed her car, without knowing it, on his way back. Gwen was bound for the coast, for Shinglemouth.

Shinglemouth is an extraordinary little place. Until a year or two ago it was nothing but a huddle of fishermen's cottages, set about the weather-beaten, tarred-walled "Smack" Inn, and one large, gaunt villa that had been in turn a boarding-house, a convalescent home and a nursing home for rest-cure patients. It had failed in each capacity.

But one of the rest-cure patients had been a Mr. Giulio Leone, assistant manager of one of the more expensive London hotels. Mr. Leone had gained much benefit from his cure, had fallen in love with the air and the remoteness of Shinglemouth, and had dreamed a dream.

That dream had become the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel, a biggish, ultra-modern erection, of which Mr. Leone was proprietor and manager.

Because of its novelty, its luxury and its expensive tariff, the Beach Hotel had become a success. Harley Street recommended it to jaded financiers and nerve-strained theatre stars. The richer painters and writers patronised it.

Mr. Leone was at pains to discourage blatant or undesirable guests, for he knew the value of his hotel's reputation. People came there to be quiet, to do nothing, and to be extremely well fed.

But he was a cunning man and fully alive to the value of the proper sort of publicity. He was more than pleased when he had received a notification from "Harlequinade," the Society weekly, to say that their representative making a tour of the East Coast might be calling at the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel shortly. "Harlequinade" was read by just the right people, and its "At the Hotels" column was very sound.

Gwen Darcy came to Shinglemouth that morning by a mile of lonely, winding road, across dyke-scarred marshes where lazy cattle browsed and solemn herons fished in the wide ditches.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I didn't want to open it—until you came. I suppose there ought to be some sort of a witness."

"I don't want to be a witness," Merrow responded. "It's

nothing to do with me. Eve found the bag and gave it to you, as the obvious person. Unless we're asked, we shall say nothing about it; and if we are, that's what we shall say."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"I see. Thank you very much, Hugh. You've been terribly understanding. I think I'll take it away now and, an—get it over—if you don't mind." She picked up the bag and went slowly to the door, and all he said was "Yes, do."

But as Gwen Darcy went out he was confirmed in his earlier belief. The girl was feeling the loss of her friend very deeply, despite her protestations of lack of sentiment.

When Merrow went to bed, just before midnight, he noticed that a light was still showing under the door of Gwen Darcy's room.

He did not see her in the morning, for he had to go over to Wilborough, but he passed her car, without knowing it, on his way back. Gwen was bound for the coast, for Shinglemouth.

Shinglemouth is an extraordinary little place. Until a year or two ago it was nothing but a huddle of fishermen's cottages, set about the weather-beaten, tarred-walled "Smack" Inn, and one large, gaunt villa that had been in turn a boarding-house, a convalescent home and a nursing home for rest-cure patients. It had failed in each capacity.

But one of the rest-cure patients had been a Mr. Giulio Leone, assistant manager of one of the more expensive London hotels. Mr. Leone had gained much benefit from his cure, had fallen in love with the air and the remoteness of Shinglemouth, and had dreamed a dream.

That dream had become the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel, a biggish, ultra-modern erection, of which Mr. Leone was proprietor and manager.

Because of its novelty, its luxury and its expensive tariff,

the Beach Hotel had become a success. Harley Street recommended it to jaded financiers and nerve-strained theatre stars. The richer painters and writers patronised it.

Mr. Leone was at pains to discourage blatant or undesirable guests, for he knew the value of his hotel's reputation. People came there to be quiet, to do nothing, and to be extremely well fed.

But he was a cunning man and fully alive to the value of the proper sort of publicity.

He was more than pleased when he had received a notification from "Harlequinade," the Society weekly,

to say that their representative making a tour of the East Coast might be calling at the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel shortly. "Harlequinade" was read by just the right people, and its "At the Hotels" column was very sound.

Gwen Darcy came to Shingle-

mouth that morning by a mile of lonely, winding road, across dyke-scarred marshes where lazy cattle browsed and solemn herons fished in the wide ditches.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I didn't want to open it—until you came. I suppose there ought to be some sort of a witness."

"I don't want to be a witness," Merrow responded. "It's

nothing to do with me. Eve found the bag and gave it to you, as the obvious person. Unless we're asked, we shall say nothing about it; and if we are, that's what we shall say."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"I see. Thank you very much, Hugh. You've been terribly understanding. I think I'll take it away now and, an—get it over—if you don't mind." She picked up the bag and went slowly to the door, and all he said was "Yes, do."

But as Gwen Darcy went out he was confirmed in his earlier belief. The girl was feeling the loss of her friend very deeply, despite her protestations of lack of sentiment.

When Merrow went to bed, just before midnight, he noticed that a light was still showing under the door of Gwen Darcy's room.

He did not see her in the morning, for he had to go over to Wilborough, but he passed her car, without knowing it, on his way back. Gwen was bound for the coast, for Shinglemouth.

Shinglemouth is an extraordinary little place. Until a year or two ago it was nothing but a huddle of fishermen's cottages, set about the weather-beaten, tarred-walled "Smack" Inn, and one large, gaunt villa that had been in turn a boarding-house, a convalescent home and a nursing home for rest-cure patients. It had failed in each capacity.

But one of the rest-cure patients had been a Mr. Giulio Leone, assistant manager of one of the more expensive London hotels. Mr. Leone had gained much benefit from his cure, had fallen in love with the air and the remoteness of Shinglemouth, and had dreamed a dream.

That dream had become the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel, a biggish, ultra-modern erection, of which Mr. Leone was proprietor and manager.

Because of its novelty, its luxury and its expensive tariff,

the Beach Hotel had become a success. Harley Street recommended it to jaded financiers and nerve-strained theatre stars. The richer painters and writers patronised it.

Mr. Leone was at pains to discourage blatant or undesirable guests, for he knew the value of his hotel's reputation. People came there to be quiet, to do nothing, and to be extremely well fed.

But he was a cunning man and fully alive to the value of the proper sort of publicity.

He was more than pleased when he had received a notification from "Harlequinade," the Society weekly,

to say that their representative making a tour of the East Coast might be calling at the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel shortly. "Harlequinade" was read by just the right people, and its "At the Hotels" column was very sound.

Gwen Darcy came to Shingle-

mouth that morning by a mile of lonely, winding road, across dyke-scarred marshes where lazy cattle browsed and solemn herons fished in the wide ditches.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I didn't want to open it—until you came. I suppose there ought to be some sort of a witness."

"I don't want to be a witness," Merrow responded. "It's

nothing to do with me. Eve found the bag and gave it to you, as the obvious person. Unless we're asked, we shall say nothing about it; and if we are, that's what we shall say."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"I see. Thank you very much, Hugh. You've been terribly understanding. I think I'll take it away now and, an—get it over—if you don't mind." She picked up the bag and went slowly to the door, and all he said was "Yes, do."

But as Gwen Darcy went out he was confirmed in his earlier belief. The girl was feeling the loss of her friend very deeply, despite her protestations of lack of sentiment.

When Merrow went to bed, just before midnight, he noticed that a light was still showing under the door of Gwen Darcy's room.

He did not see her in the morning, for he had to go over to Wilborough, but he passed her car, without knowing it, on his way back. Gwen was bound for the coast, for Shinglemouth.

Shinglemouth is an extraordinary little place. Until a year or two ago it was nothing but a huddle of fishermen's cottages, set about the weather-beaten, tarred-walled "Smack" Inn, and one large, gaunt villa that had been in turn a boarding-house, a convalescent home and a nursing home for rest-cure patients. It had failed in each capacity.

But one of the rest-cure patients had been a Mr. Giulio Leone, assistant manager of one of the more expensive London hotels. Mr. Leone had gained much benefit from his cure, had fallen in love with the air and the remoteness of Shinglemouth, and had dreamed a dream.

That dream had become the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel, a biggish, ultra-modern erection, of which Mr. Leone was proprietor and manager.

Because of its novelty, its luxury and its expensive tariff,

the Beach Hotel had become a success. Harley Street recommended it to jaded financiers and nerve-strained theatre stars. The richer painters and writers patronised it.

Mr. Leone was at pains to discourage blatant or undesirable guests, for he knew the value of his hotel's reputation. People came there to be quiet, to do nothing, and to be extremely well fed.

But he was a cunning man and fully alive to the value of the proper sort of publicity.

He was more than pleased when he had received a notification from "Harlequinade," the Society weekly,

to say that their representative making a tour of the East Coast might be calling at the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel shortly. "Harlequinade" was read by just the right people, and its "At the Hotels" column was very sound.

Gwen Darcy came to Shingle-

mouth that morning by a mile of lonely, winding road, across dyke-scarred marshes where lazy cattle browsed and solemn herons fished in the wide ditches.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I didn't want to open it—until you came. I suppose there ought to be some sort of a witness."

"I don't want to be a witness," Merrow responded. "It's

nothing to do with me. Eve found the bag and gave it to you, as the obvious person. Unless we're asked, we shall say nothing about it; and if we are, that's what we shall say."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"I see. Thank you very much, Hugh. You've been terribly understanding. I think I'll take it away now and, an—get it over—if you don't mind." She picked up the bag and went slowly to the door, and all he said was "Yes, do."

But as Gwen Darcy went out he was confirmed in his earlier belief. The girl was feeling the loss of her friend very deeply, despite her protestations of lack of sentiment.

When Merrow went to bed, just before midnight, he noticed that a light was still showing under the door of Gwen Darcy's room.

He did not see her in the morning, for he had to go over to Wilborough, but he passed her car, without knowing it, on his way back. Gwen was bound for the coast, for Shinglemouth.

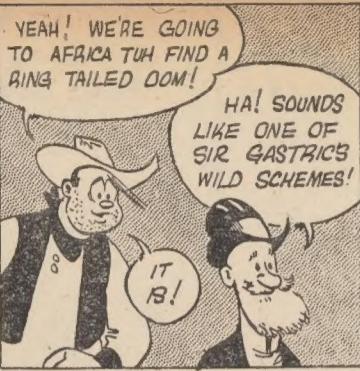
Shinglemouth is an extraordinary little place. Until a year or two ago it was nothing but a huddle of fishermen's cottages, set about the weather-beaten, tarred-walled "Smack" Inn, and one large, gaunt villa that had been in turn a boarding-house, a convalescent home and a nursing home for rest-cure patients. It had failed in each capacity.

But one of the rest-cure patients had been a Mr. Giulio Leone, assistant manager of one of the more expensive London hotels. Mr. Leone had gained much benefit from his cure, had fallen in love with the air and the remoteness of Shinglemouth, and had dreamed a dream.

That dream had become the Shinglemouth Beach Hotel, a biggish, ultra-modern erection, of which Mr. Leone was proprietor and manager.

Because of

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



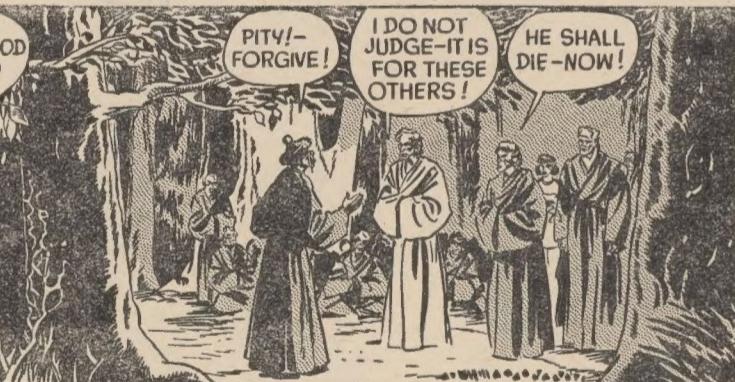
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES

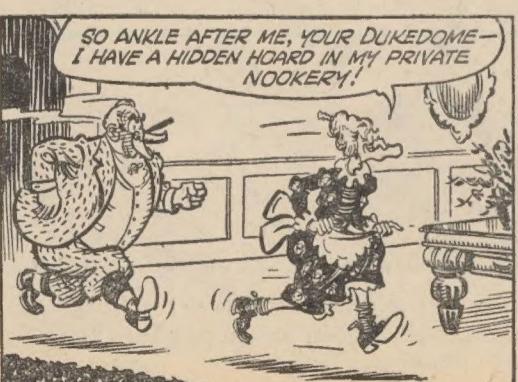


## GARTH



HE SHALL DIE-NOW!

## JUST JAKE



# CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 14

## SUNDERLAND

SUNDERLAND, now one of the most famous teams in football, was founded by local schoolmasters.

They called themselves "Teachers' F.C." and became one of the best sides in the district.

Funds became so low that one player, in an effort to stave off creditors, presented his prize canary to the club. This was auctioned, and the money obtained in this manner enabled the club to make further progress.

Later, the members of the organisation decided to call themselves Sunderland F.C., and success followed this move.

In 1890 they were admitted to the Football League, but because of their remote position had to pay the railway fares of all teams visiting them. It was then that Sunderland suggested to their visitors that they did not bring along too many reserves!

After seasons of endeavour, Sunderland built up a team with few equals. Every man was a star, and a team-man. Perhaps one of the most colourful was goalkeeper Ned Doig.

Doig was one of the most conscientious and successful "last-liners" the game has ever known. If beaten, he always worked out why the shot got past him. I've even heard he got up in the middle of the night just to work out where he had slipped up!

Once Doig had the mortification of seeing a shot from the opposing goalkeeper speed past him into the net. It was during the 1897-98 season, when Sunderland entertained Manchester City at Roker Park.

It was a windy day, and Sunderland, facing the full force of the wind, had all their work cut out to stop the City forwards. Suddenly the Sunderland forwards made a most determined attack on the Manchester goal, but their centre-forward shot narrowly wide.

The ball was placed for a goal-kick, and the visiting 'keeper, running up to the leather, kicked with all his force. The wind caught the ball and "blew it" at high speed past Doig. The goalkeeper, when he picked the ball from the net, nearly cried!

Until a few years ago Sunderland were one of the "bogey teams" so far as the F.A. Cup was concerned. No matter how brilliantly the team might play in League matches, they always appeared to make a poor show in the F.A. Cup.

In the "gay nineties," a famous North Country gipsy, who read the then Sunderland manager's fortune, said that the club would never win the F.A. Cup until England's Queen was Scottish-born.

Strange as it may seem, this prophecy came true only a year or so ago, when Sunderland beat Preston at Wembley Stadium—and the Scottish Queen watched their victory!

Sunderland are proud of the fact that their captain and inside-right, "Raich" Carter—also England's inside-right—is a local lad. But then, Sunderland have always gone in for local talent when it has revealed itself.

I am reminded by this of a little incident which happened not so very long ago. A Sunderland official got to hear about a very promising young schoolboy centre-forward. He was just eighteen, and it was thought he was going to be a real star. The manager, after seeing him in action, agreed, and went to the lad's house with the intention of signing.

To his chagrin, however, when they began to chat, revealed that he was awaiting the manager of a famous Northern club.

When that gentleman knocked at the house the Sunderland official went to the door, announced that the boy and his father were out, and then returned to the living-room and resumed his talk with the player and his father. Eventually they tired of waiting for the other manager—and Sunderland secured yet another star.

Eddie Burbanks, their international outside-left, is another player Sunderland discovered more or less by accident. The late manager, Johnny Cochrane, went along to see a certain right-back. It was the man opposing him, however, who secured the limelight. He was a clever, even if "unknown," left-winger, and scored a brilliant hat-trick and made others for his colleagues.

At the end of the match he was signed by Sunderland, and has since given, like all the club players, great service.

**John Allen**

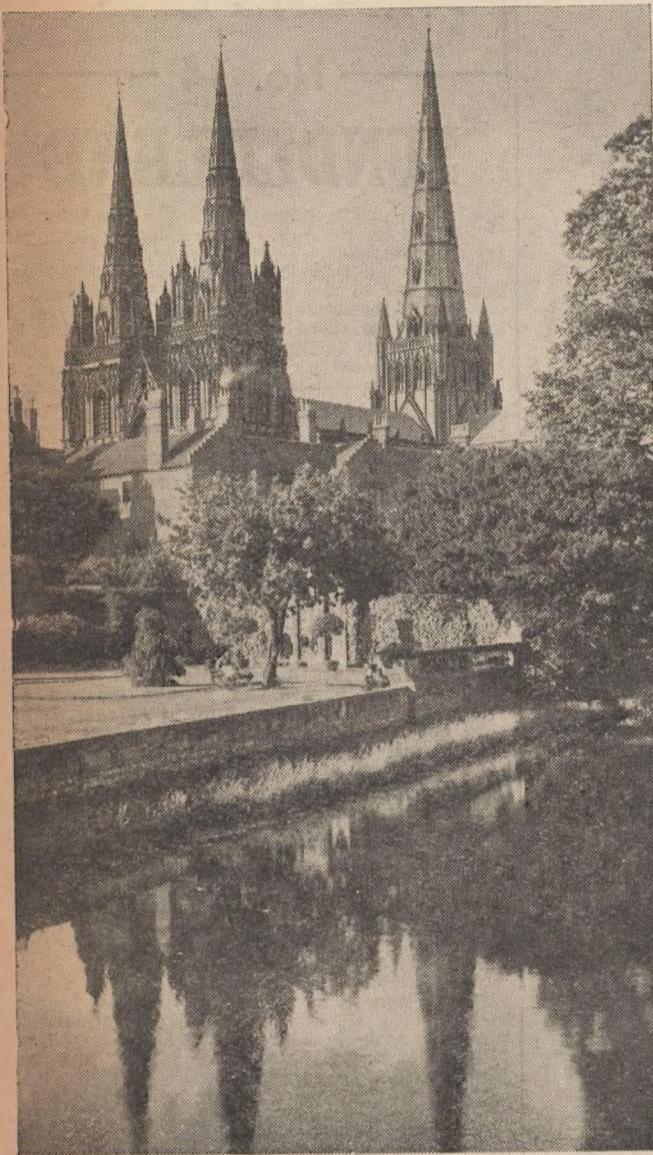
Answers to Brain Teasers in No. 217

1. Australia.
2. Arrest.
3. Village blacksmith.
4. Sit.
5. Crow.
6. 20,000 leagues.
7. Martial law.

# Good Morning

This  
England

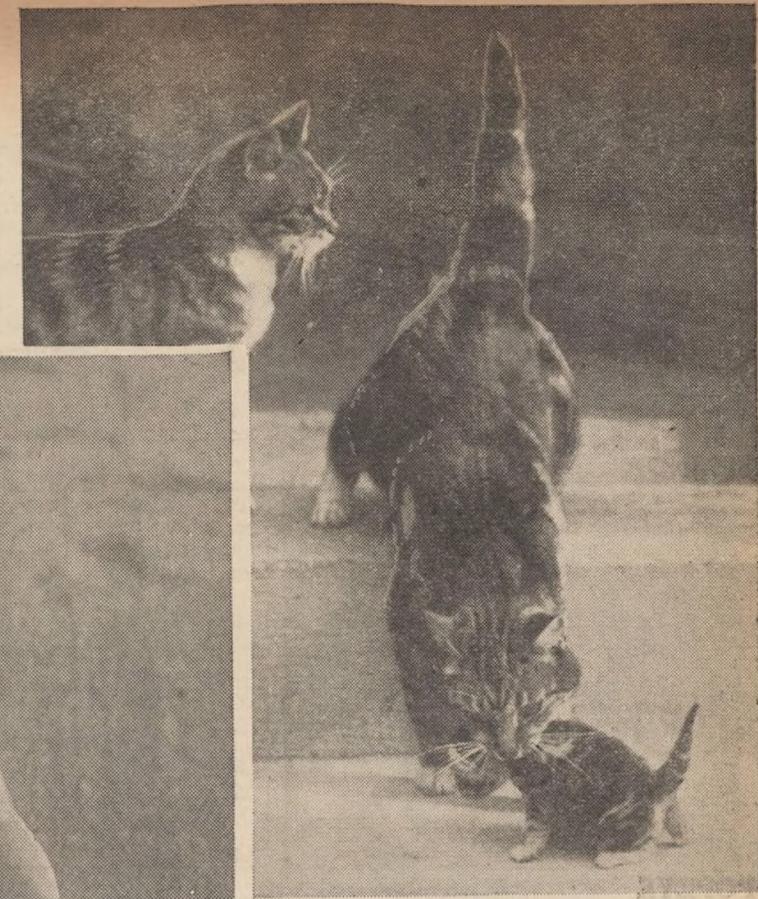
All communications to be addressed  
to "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



A view of the beautiful Lichfield Cathedral, famed throughout the country for its three spires.

## ON HER TOES

May not usually mean it that way, but we honestly believe that a spot of colour does add considerably to the feeling of "completeness."



"Next time you decide to go on a jaunt, keep on the level, my son. I hate to make a 'mouthful' of this, but you MUST learn."



"Hey, there! What's the game? You know what the penalty is for tampering with the scales, and in any case, I ain't goin' to be put into the wrong 'class' through you."



WILL  
SHE  
NEVER  
COME?

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't weaken brother, don't weaken."

